

CHILD LIFE

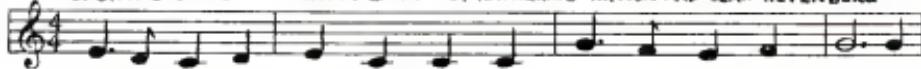
OCTOBER 1955



HALLOWEEN

OPENING SONG

WORDS & MUSIC BY KATHERINE WATSON AND LEAH REVENBURG



HALLO-WEEN HAS COME AT LAST, IT'S TIME FOR PRANKS AND FUN, SO



KEEP YOUR SEATS AND HOLD YOUR BREATH, THE SHOW HAS JUST BE -- GUN.

CLOSING VERSE -

HALLOWEEN WILL SOON BE O'ER, WHEN MIDNIGHT STRIKES THE GONG,
SO WE MUST STOP OUR PLAYFUL PRANKS, AND MERRILY RUN ALONG.



I'M NOT A-FRAID OF A- NY-THING. I'M BRAVE AS BRAVE CAN



BE. I LOVE YOU EACH AND EV- ERY ONE, AND



YOU CAN'T FRIGHT-EN ME. YOU CAN'T FRIGHT-EN ME



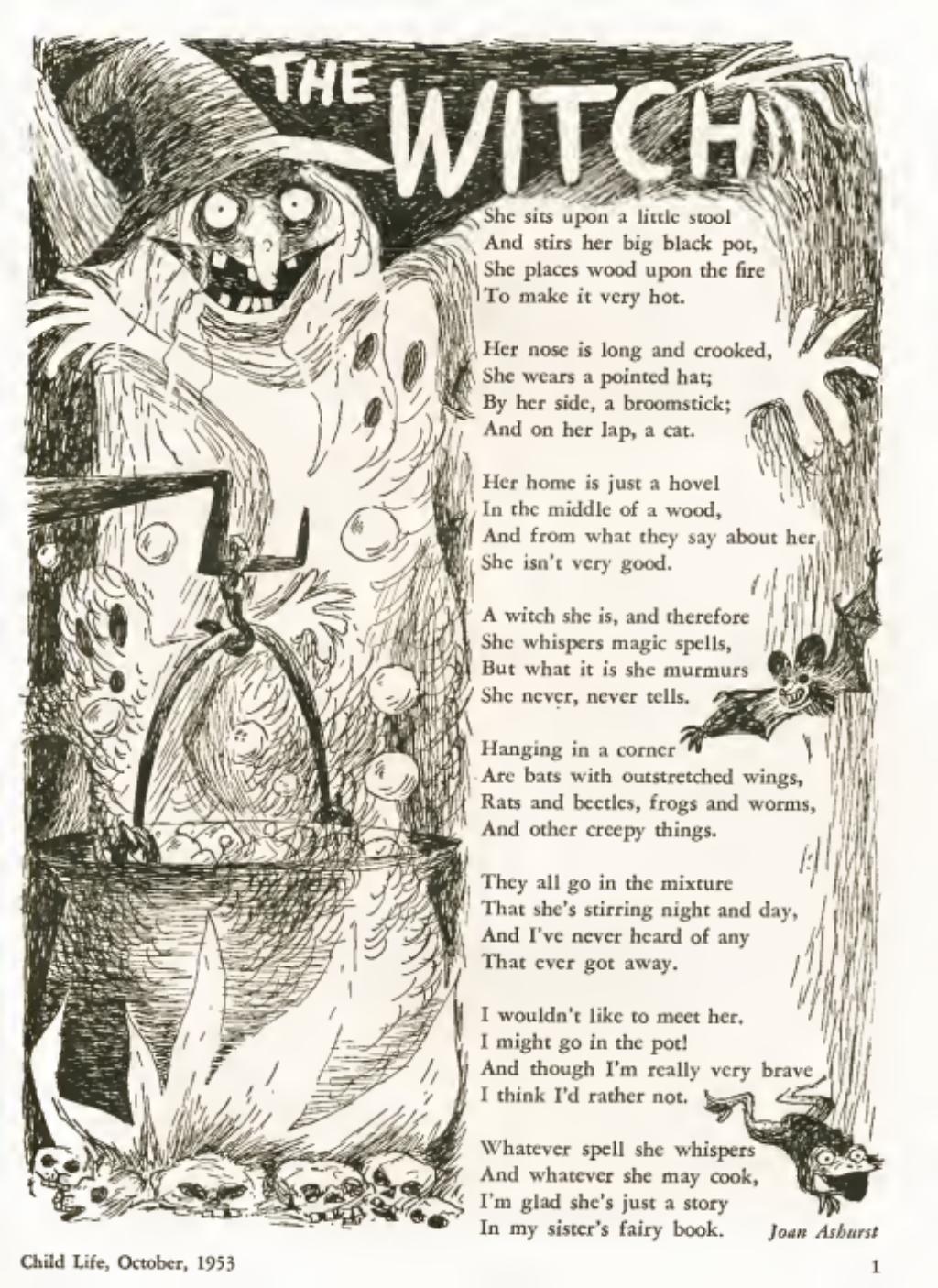
BOO! YOU FAT OLD PUMP-KIN FUN-NY FACE, YOU



WITCH THAT RIDES THE BROOM, YOU BIG BLACK CAT THAT



MEWS SO LOUD, YOU GHOST THAT SPREADS THE GLOOM.
BOO!!



THE WITCH

She sits upon a little stool
And stirs her big black pot,
She places wood upon the fire
To make it very hot.

Her nose is long and crooked,
She wears a pointed hat;
By her side, a broomstick;
And on her lap, a cat.

Her home is just a hovel
In the middle of a wood,
And from what they say about her
She isn't very good.

A witch she is, and therefore
She whispers magic spells,
But what it is she murmurs
She never, never tells.

Hanging in a corner
Are bats with outstretched wings,
Rats and beetles, frogs and worms,
And other creepy things.

They all go in the mixture
That she's stirring night and day,
And I've never heard of any
That ever got away.

I wouldn't like to meet her,
I might go in the pot!
And though I'm really very brave
I think I'd rather not.

Whatever spell she whispers
And whatever she may cook,
I'm glad she's just a story
In my sister's fairy book.

Joan Ashurst



BUGS



BIRDS



BEASTS

and especially
MOTHERS

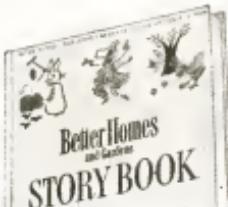
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CHILD LIFE

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Have any of you ever seen
Witches fly on Hallowe'en?
We don't know which scares us most,
Owl or cat or bat or ghost!

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BERTRAM'S HALLOWEEN WISH

STORY
TIME

"**T**HREE!" SAID BERTRAM AS HE stood back to admire the jack o' lantern he was making, and finished cutting a row of jagged teeth.

Bertram's mama looked up from the pumpkin pie she was making. "Now, don't you go scaring any little children," she said, "or getting into trouble either. And I want you ready for bed by eight o'clock!"

"Aw, Mama," begged Bertram. "Ginny Banning gets to stay out till nine!"

"Oh, very well then. Since there's no school tomorrow, you can play till nine. You'll be tired long before then, though."

"Oh, no, I'm never tired," said Bertram. "I could even stay up all night. Tired!"

Just then Ginny Banning's roller skates clumped on the back porch. In she came, and right behind her was the biggest black cat that Bertram had ever seen.

"It followed me all the way down Elm Street," Ginny explained. "It looks just like a witch's cat, so I'm going to dress up like a witch tonight, and ride a broomstick. You can be a ghost, with a pillow slip over your head, and we can take the cat along."

"Now, look here," said Bertram's mama. "If you intend to keep that cat until tonight you'll have to put her down cellar. I won't have her up here scaring Baby Sam!"

Bertram picked up the cat. It was a very long cat, and seemed to stretch out like an accordion. He and Ginny lugged it downstairs.

"I'll tell you what!" cried Ginny. "I'll make her a costume."

"Whatever you do," said the cat, "don't step on my tail. The old witch always did!"

"Did you really belong to a witch?" asked Ginny. "Honest and truly?"

"I really did," answered the cat, "until I ran away from her. And now, if you don't mind, I'll just curl up on this old carpet and take a cat nap. Tonight is going to be a big night and I want to be ready for it."

At supper that night Bertram ate three pieces of pumpkin pie. Then he mounted his jack o' lantern on a stick and got into his ghost costume. In a minute Ginny Banning came over, riding a broomstick and dressed like a witch. When the cat saw her, it arched its back and hissed. But Ginny laughed.

"You silly thing!" she said. "I'm only make-believe. I've come to dress you up."

Ginny pushed the cat's front legs through the sleeves of the dress she had made, and tied it around the cat like an apron. With the mask and the pill box hat, the cat looked like an organ grinder's monkey!

"Get your pea shooters, and let's go," growled the cat. "We're wasting time."

Off they started, Bertram with his jack o' lantern over his shoulder, and Ginny straddling her broomstick and balancing the cat in front of her. Ginny had even brought an extra pea shooter for the cat.

First they shot some peas against the front window of Bertram's house. Bertram's daddy came to the window and pretended to be awfully scared. And how he laughed to see the cat using the pea shooter! Then

Bertram's mama held Baby Sam up to the window, but when Sammy saw the jack o' Lantern he let out a howl that could be heard a mile.

"This is going to be jolly," said the cat. "You fixed me a costume and taught me how to shoot peas, so I'm going to give you three wishes. I'm a magic cat, you see."

"Why, this is just like a story book," said Ginny. "Oh, I wish Hallowe'en would last forever!"

"So do I," said Bertram.

"Don't forget what you just wished," said the cat. "Now, let's move on."

By now Elm Street was full of little cowboys and Indians, pirates and goblins. Bertram and Ginny and the witch's cat joined them. They went to Mrs. Cree's house and rang her doorbell and scared her. Next they went to Ginny's house, and to Aunt Ella's.

The cat was having as much fun as the children. "Let's keep this up all night," she kept saying. So up and down the street they went, till the big clock in City Hall boomed out nine times. It was Bertram's bed time and he was getting sleepy. Most of the other children dropped out, one by one. Pretty

soon, nobody answered the doorbells that they rang, or jumped at the pea shooter.

"This is about enough," said Bertram. "Let's go home."

"Yes, let's," answered Ginny.

"What are you talking about?" said the cat. "Why, Hallowe'en's just begun. This is only the first day, and the fun's just started. Wait till midnight if you want to see a sight to set your teeth on edge."

"But I don't want to stay up till mid-



night," said Bertram, "and I don't want my teeth set on edge. I want to go to bed!"

"Nonsense," said the cat. "Come on."

The cat was hurrying them along now, down a lonely road where bare tree branches cast weird shadows. The trees creaked and moaned, and the wind was blowing "Woo-o, woo-o!" Something soft and stuffy-smelling brushed past Bertram. Far off, an owl hooted.

The cat wouldn't let go of them, but kept running faster and faster. Brambles reached out from the roadside and scratched them, and tore their clothes. Ginny stubbed her toe against a tree root, and Bertram fell and skinned his knee.

"Let's go home," hollered Bertram, above the wind. "I've had enough Hallowe'en to last me for a long time!"

The cat paid no attention. Far away, the town hall clock boomed eleven times.

"We must hurry to get there by midnight," urged the cat. "Oh, your hair is going to stand on end! And wait till *tomorrow* night! That's better yet!"

The thought of having to do all this again tomorrow night gave Bertram a queer feeling in his stomach. He looked at the cat, and saw that she had grown bigger and bigger. She was much bigger than Ginny!

"Oh!" gasped Bertram, tired and frightened, "I wish you wouldn't run so fast!"

Crash!

All three of them stopped so suddenly that



they piled up in a heap. The jack o' lantern went rolling down the road.

"There!" said the cat crossly. "You've used your second wish and you've gone and stepped on my tail. I'd like to box your ears, both of you!"

Bertram and Ginny began to cry.

"Oh," moaned Ginny, "I wish we were home again and . . ."

"You are." It was Bertram's daddy speaking. "I've been hunting all over the neighborhood for you," he added. "I've delayed my trip to Omaha. It's way past your bedtime and your mama has been worrying. And Ginny's mama has called up three times to ask about her. Did you get enough Hallowe'en to last for a while?"

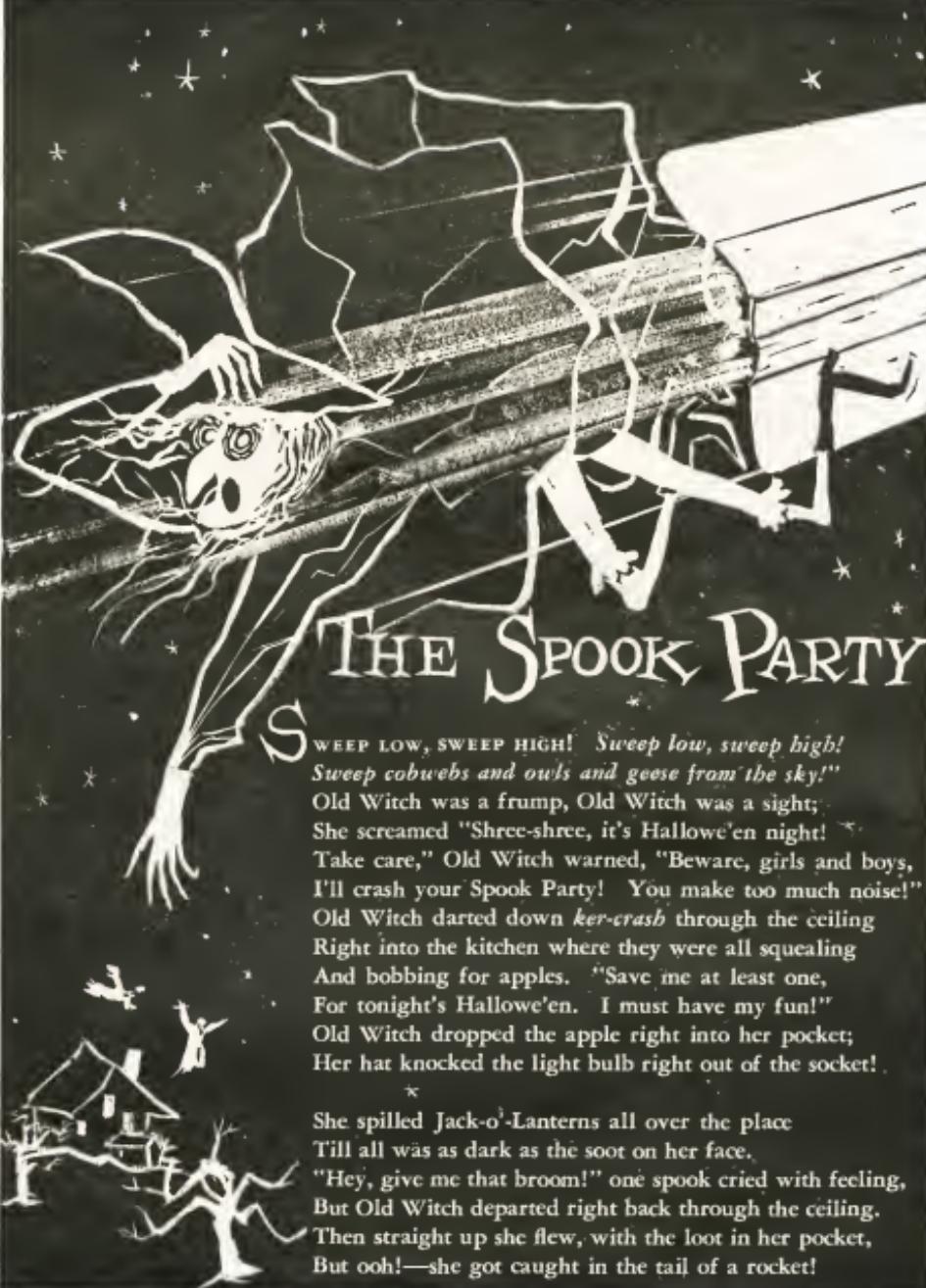
Neither Bertram nor Ginny could remember afterwards just how or when the black cat vanished. But they both remembered a strong wind, and a big black shadow that had rushed past them.

Bertram slept till eleven o'clock the next morning. Then he got up to go and look for the cat. But all he found was a great big broomstick in the yard.

Funny thing. It wasn't Ginny's broomstick at all!

*Written by Paul T. Gilbert
Pictures by Alan Ferguson*





THE SPOOK PARTY

SWEEP LOW, SWEEP HIGH! *Sweep low, sweep high!*
Sweep cobwebs and owls and geese from the sky!"
Old Witch was a frump, Old Witch was a sight;
She screamed "Shree-shree, it's Hallowe'en night!" *
Take care," Old Witch warned, "Beware, girls and boys,
I'll crash your Spook Party! You make too much noise!"
Old Witch darted down *ker-crash* through the ceiling
Right into the kitchen where they were all squealing
And bobbing for apples. "Save me at least one,
For tonight's Hallowe'en. I must have my fun!"
Old Witch dropped the apple right into her pocket;
Her hat knocked the light bulb right out of the socket! *

She spilled Jack-o'-Lanterns all over the place
Till all was as dark as the soot on her face.
"Hey, give me that broom!" one spook cried with feeling,
But Old Witch departed right back through the ceiling.
Then straight up she flew, with the loot in her pocket,
But ooh!—she got caught in the tail of a rocket!



"Zoom-boom!" yelled the Pilot. "Hang on! Pretty soon
We'll be landing, first stop, on the place we call MOON."
Next minute they landed on what looked like green cheese.
The pilot stepped out with the greatest of ease.

He heard a weird shriek and then a long wail.

"It's a *witch*," Pilot said, "tangled up in the tail
Of my good space ship." Old Witch moaned "Shree-shree!
I'm dizzy and hungry ... and tired as can be!"

"Where's your lunch, Madam Witch?" Pilot asked. "In a rocket
You're supposed to bring food in your roomy, deep pocket."

"All I've got is an apple!" Old Witch threw a fit.

"An apple?" said Pilot. "Then why not eat *it*?"

"Shree-shree!" screamed Old Witch. "I'll starve till I'm dead,
Because I don't have a tooth in my head!"

"Then why carry apples, or food you can't eat?

I'll take it," said Pilot. "An apple's a treat!"

"Shree-shree! Take me back!" shrieked Witch-on-the-Moon!

"Oh, no," Pilot warned, "not till Saturday noon."

"Shree-shree!" screamed Old Witch. "Take me back to the party!
I'll steal the sweet cider from each little smarty!"

"So you *stole* that big apple! I see what you mean,
But do not forget, Saturday's past Hallowe'en!"

"Shree-shree!" screamed Old Witch, "I might as well stay here.
There'll be no more Spook parties till this time next year!"

"Zoom! Boom!" The pilot warmed up his neat rocket.
"Madam Witch, pack your duds. Put your broom in your pocket!

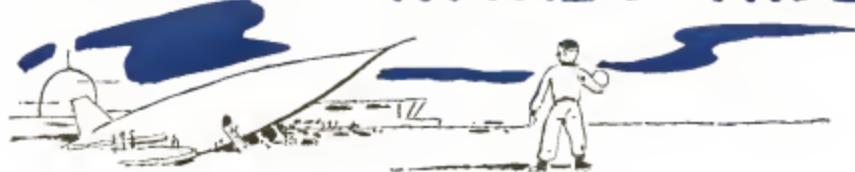
And now," said the pilot, "I'll make a suggestion.

You'll find apples really are good for digestion!"

Witch's fiery eyes blazed. She creamed loudly, "Shree-shree!
On *next* Hallowe'en I'll have me a spree!"

Frances L. Shinn

DAVEY'S ROCKET RIDE



IT WAS THE YEAR 2003 A.D. and that day was the most thrilling time of Davey Rogers' life. Not only was he going to visit his father, who had been away from Earth for two years, but he was going to make his own first trip outside Earth's atmosphere.

He had said good-bye to his mother just a little while ago, outside the rocket ship. This would be the first time in all his ten years that he had been away from home. He would be alone until his father met him at the Space Station five thousand miles out in space. But he knew the members of the Space Service were friendly and would look after him.

One of them was coming along the corridor now as Davey sat in the passenger room waiting for the "blast-off." Davey had heard the other crewmen call him "Lucky." He was always smiling and Davey liked him very much.

"All set, Davey?" Lucky asked, seeing that Davey's belt fitted him snugly.

"I sure am!" Davey answered. He was so excited he could hardly keep still. He had waited a long time for his mother to let him make this trip into space. Lucky checked the other passenger and went out.

Davey braced himself for the shock of the take-off. He felt a sickening lurch in his stomach. There was roaring in his ears and he felt himself being crushed into his seat. But the terrible moment passed by quickly.

Soon Lucky returned and patted Davey.

"You can all unstrap yourselves now," the blue-uniformed crewman told the passengers. Lucky whispered in Davey's ear, "Come on up forward and visit with the pilots."

Davey followed him as quickly as he could. He found it tricky walking in the magnetic-soled shoes he had been given. But at least they held him to the floor. He knew that in space he was only a fraction of his normal weight.

He and Lucky moved down the corridor to the Pilots' Nest in the nose of the rocket. Lucky introduced Davey to the two pilots, who wore handsome, gold-braided caps.

"How long will it take to get to the Space Station?" Davey asked the chief pilot.

"Only a little while," the pilot answered. "We're going at a pretty fast clip, you know."

Davey was surprised that he did not feel any motion now. He peered out the front port above the broad panel board. The constellations and planets seemed to be fixed in the sky and burned like fierce white lights.

"Lucky tells me your father works at the Station, son," the co-pilot said to Davey. "What does he do?"

"He's an air-purifier," Davey said.

"That's a responsible job," the co-pilot said. "You must be proud of him."

"I'll say!" said Davey.



The two pilots began shoving big levers that stuck out of the floor and again Davey had a sickening feeling.

"What're they doing?" Davey asked Lucky, with a gulp.

"They're switching in the nose rockets to brake our thrust," Lucky answered. "We've got to slow down to zero speed by the time we reach the Space Station. If we don't—well, it's just too bad, that's all."

Davey shivered. He knew that once already, since the Station had been built years ago, a rocket had sheared off one corner of the giant Station when it had roared in too fast. Davey was extra worried this time, with his own father working there.

Some moments later Davey's heart chilled. The pilots were talking in low voices as though everything were not just right. They were shoving levers and twisting knobs on the dash panel faster than usual. And when Davey looked up at Lucky, he thought the spaceman's face was a little pale.

"Is—is anything wrong?" Davey asked.

"Don't worry," Lucky returned, giving him a comforting pat. "These fellows are good. They'll bring us in." But, Davey was sure that Lucky sounded worried, and that something must certainly be wrong.

The Space Station was coming steadily closer to the forward port. It was a beautiful ring of shiny metal hanging in black space. Davey knew that all kinds of jobs were carried on here. But the main job was to see that the nations of the world did not make war against their neighbors.

Davey felt the drag of the rocket ship as it fought to brake its tremendous speed. Lucky kept an arm around Davey's shoulders, but the boy saw that the spaceman's mouth was grim.

Soon Davey could see the wheel spokes and long ports of the Space Station. They were frighteningly close. They whirled past Davey's eyes, and made him dizzy.

"Easy," Lucky whispered softly, pressing his shoulder. "We'll make it."

Davey held his breath and waited. It would be all over in a few seconds more—for better or worse.

The ship gave a final sharp jerk that threw him hard against Lucky. He expected to feel next the crush of tons of beryllium metal against him. But seconds later he found out he was still whole.

"We misjudged our speed slightly but we pulled out of it all right," the pilot told him. Then he grinned. "All ashore that is going ashore, Davey!"

Davey ran out of the Pilots' Nest and down the corridor to the exit door, his magnetic soles clinking on the metal floor. An instant later he was stepping out of the ship into the air-tight hangar of the Space Station. A tall, muscular man met him at the foot of the rocket steps and caught him in his strong arms.

"How've you been, Davey boy?" Mr. Rogers said, hugging him tightly.

"Fine, Dad, just fine," Davey breathed. "Except, I've missed you!"

"I've missed you, too," his father answered, standing back to look at him. "I'm proud of the way you made this trip alone. Yes, I certainly am proud."

Somehow, Davey felt a little proud himself. It wasn't every day that a fellow his age went five thousand miles out into space on his own. But he only straightened his shoulders.

"It was a breeze, Dad," he answered, "just a great big breeze!"

*Written by Richard M. Elam, Jr.
Pictures by Phillip Coyle*





The Hidden Treasure

When Uncle Ned died, he left the Bakers a house in the country, and his cat, Sugar Plum. To the two Baker children, Ted and Sue, he left a treasure . . . if they could find it!

The Bakers searched the house from attic to cellar, but they couldn't find the treasure. They weren't very lucky at making friends with Sugar Plum, either. She wouldn't let them come near her. They chased her up to the attic, but she slipped through an open window to the roof. Daddy went out on the ledge to get her. She jumped up on top of the chimney and disappeared from sight! "Unless cats really do have nine

lives," said Daddy, "I'm afraid that's the end of poor Sugar Plum! How will we ever find the treasure?"

LAST HALF

"IF SUGAR PLUM FELL down the chimney, she ought to be in the fireplace," said Sue. She and Ted ran to see. "She's not there!" they called. "Where could she be?"

"That's the funny thing about it," said Daddy. "This house has two chimneys, but only one fireplace. Sugar Plum's chimney is on the dining room side. There must be a fireplace that's been walled up. I am going to step over next door and ask our neighbor Mr. Woods to come over. He's lived

here for years and he may know about it."

While Daddy was gone, Teddy and Sue and Mum listened in the dining room for Sugar Plum. They didn't hear a sound.

"I'm afraid she is dead, poor thing," said Mum.

"Maybe not. I'm going to listen in your room, Mum," said Sue. "It's just above us."

Sue and Ted ran upstairs. The next minute Sue called down, "She's up here somewhere. I can hear her crying, but I can't see her."

Mum ran up the stairs. By the time she got there, Teddy had already begun to tap the wall. Soon he heard a hollow sound which told them that he had found the right spot. Sugar Plum told them too! She had been quiet for a few minutes, but now she began howling and wailing.

Just at that moment Daddy came back with Mr. Woods. "You're a pretty good detective, son," Mr. Woods said to Teddy. "You've found the very spot where your Uncle Ned had his second fireplace. He decided to have it walled up since he never used it."

"Drat that cat!" said Daddy. "Who ever named her Sugar Plum? She should have been called Lemon Drop! Now we'll have to tear down the wall to get her out! We're not even settled yet, and already we're breaking the house up! And all because of a silly cat! She's been unlucky from the start!"

"Just the same, this is exciting!" said Sue, her eyes shining.

"Wait until you have to help me clean up," moaned Mum. "And the whole room will need to be re-papered!"

Mr. Woods took a pencil and marked off the place where the fireplace was. "You kids can be tearing the paper off that space in the middle while your Dad and I get some crowbars."

"I can't bear to watch this," said Mum, and went back to the living room.

Teddy and Sue tore away the paper and then watched Daddy and Mr. Woods pry away the bricks and plaster. Sugar Plum's howls grew louder and louder.

"She can't be on the floor," said Mr. Woods. "That howling is too high up. Give me a hand with this, and we'll see."

Daddy helped him lift out a heavy chunk of brick near the top of the fireplace. As they stooped to set it on the floor—*whooosh!* Something black and wild-eyed shot from the hole and out of the room in a flash and a streak.

"It's Sugar Plum!" cried Teddy.

"And in the best of health!" groaned his father. "But the room is a wreck!"

"Give me the flashlight," said Mr. Woods. "Let's see what she was sitting on." He turned the light into the hole where something glittered. Then he smiled. "Come on," he said, "the fun's just beginning. I think we are going to find more than a cat in this fireplace."

And so they did. For when the bricks were all removed, there in the dust and dirt was a little trunk with bright brass hinges.

"Call Mum," cried Daddy, hammering at the lock. "She'll want to see this!"

Once again Mum came running up the stairs, and while Ted and Sue jumped up and down in excitement, Daddy lifted the lid of the trunk. It was filled to the brim.

"Now, Ted, take out one thing at a time," directed Daddy. "We'll take turns. I think I'll choose the tin box."

"Hurry, hurry!" cried the children as Mr. Woods fiddled with the catch. Finally the box sprang open. It was filled with old silver coins and stamps. Then Mum picked up a lumpy package that turned out to be a silver tea set, wrapped in an old blanket. But what pleased Ted the most was a faded army uniform and an officer's sword. And what pleased Sue the most was a wax doll in a hoop skirt. She was lovely!



"Well," said Mr. Woods at last, when they had stacked up the bricks and cleaned up the rubble, "I call this a good day's work. We've all had to pitch in together, but it certainly was worth while. Yes, it was a good day's work on everybody's part."

"Especially Sugar Plum's," said Sue.

"So do I," said Daddy. "And now we must look for her. As I was saying, I do like a nice cat. Come kitty, kitty, kitty . . ."

*Written by Geraldine McGaughan
Pictures by Adelaide Kelley*



Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater

"Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well."



He said, "I'm fond of pumpkin pies,
But you must know, my dear,
Unless you bake the proper size
You'll be cooped up a year!"

You often run to neighbor Brown
To tell your tale of woe,
You're skipping here and skipping there.
You're always on the go.

I'll lock you up to keep you home
And cook me a surprise.
No longer will you talk and roam,
Just bake me *pumpkin pies!*"

Now Mrs. Peter in the shell,
Although she really heard,
Kept thinking, thinking very hard
And never said a word.

"I'll stay in here till Hallowe'en,"
She said unto herself.
"Who knows, I may be rescued then,
By a pixie or an elf."





So, very soon on Hallowe'en
The pixies tip-toed round
And found the Peter Pumpkin shell
Perched firmly on the ground.

One pecked inside and cried, "Hello!
Just look—upon my life!
I do declare—yes, I could swear—
It's Peter Pumpkin's wife!"

"Oh, Pixies, dear, listen, come here
And get me out of this!
Grant *me* a wish this Hallowe'en,
I'll give *you* each a kiss!"

"The wish is yours," the Pixies said,
And blushed from top to toe.
"We'll help you out of this, my dear,
Where would you like to go?"

"I'd like to go," she sweetly said,
"A-flying in the sky
Where I would never have to bake
Another pumpkin pie!"

Now when you see a pretty witch
Fly by on Hallowe'en,
It may be clever Mrs. Pete,
As happy as a queen.



Elsie M. Fowler

WHO SCARED WHO?



A PUPPET PLAY

CHARACTERS—Puppets. (*Directions on Page 32*)

Snipperty Snee

Snickerty Snoo

Horny the Owl

False Face (a mask)

SCENE: The edge of a forest. Hang a black curtain in back of cardboard stage. Draw twisted trees with white chalk.

Enter Snipperty Snee. He swoops around stage.

Snee: Scaroo, scarree,
I'm Snipperty Snee!
Everybody's
Afraid of me.
I'm a dreadful spook,
It's plain to see!

Snee swoops and dips around the stage.

Snee: I'll just sneak over here and wait

for someone else to scare. I'll frighten all who come along. They really shouldn't dare!

Enter Snickerty Snoo. Slips up behind Snee.

Snoo: Boo! Who are you?

Snee jumps straight up, and comes down shaking with fright.

Snee: Who-o's that? Scat!

Snoo: Scarree, scaroo,

I'm Snickerty Snoo!

I'm the scariest spook

You ever knew.

I'll scare the daylights

Out of you!

Snee: Fiddlediddee! You didn't scare me!

Snoo: Oh no? Then why are you so white? What fun to fill a spook with fright!

Snee: You didn't! Why, I'm the scariest spook on the road. I could scare the spots off a spotted tree toad!

Snoo: You don't know how to cause a fright. I can make Blackie the Crow turn white. (*Waves bands, swoops around and growls fiercely.*) How's that?

Snee: Oh, I don't know. A pretty poor show! Watch this! (*Falls to the ground, writhes, wriggles and groans.*)

Snoo: Not bad, my lad. You're as wobbly as a feather. Why don't we two go out together? Two spooks and their trouble would scare people double!

Snee: All right. Let's form a team. Two spooks will make the people scream!

An owl booots. Snoo and Snee jump, and

bold on to each other, trembling.

Snoo: Who was that? A cat? A bat?

Snee: Who knows? What do you suppose?

Both look around fearfully. They shiver.

Enter Horny the Owl:

Horny: I'm Horny the great Horned Owl, Tonight's my night to howl. I'm wise and old, And brave and bold, At night I like to prowl. Oh, good heavens, good goopers, My young whipper-snoopers, Whoo-oo are you?

Snoo: Who? He's Snee. I'm Snoo.

Snee: (*In a small voice*) We're just a harmless pair! We're spooks going out to scare,

Horny: A spook parade! Aren't you afraid?

Tonight's the night of Hallowe'en,





The blackest night you've ever seen.
There are owls and ghosts, goblins too,
And witches stirring a magic brew.
Whoo-oo-oo!

Snee: Oh, we'll do our act without any hitches. We're not afraid of goblins and witches!

(He swoops and dips and groans and moans.)

This is my night to creep,
While good folks are asleep;
To swoop and swirl,
To loop and whirl,
To wriggle, wiggle and sweep!
(Not to be outdone. Acts out words.)

Tonight's my night to sneak,
To groan and moan and creak;
I'll flounce and pounce
With every ounce,

'Til folks grow wan and weak.
There! We've proved that as spooks we're true. Why, once I went up to a witch and said "Boo!"

Horny: Boo-oo? Whoo-oo? (Blows *Snoo and Snee* across stage.)

Horny: Excuse me, please. My hoot makes a breeze!

Snee: (Still shaking) Oh, that's all right. You caused us no fright. We're brave and we're bold as the knights of old.

False Face, a Hallowe'en mask, appears at stage right. *Snoo and Snee* swoop to other side of stage and hold on to each other.

Snee: What a horrible terror! There must be some error!

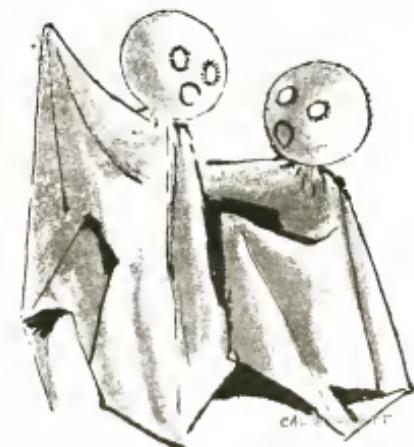
Snee: Let's not wait to discover. Let's seek out some cover. Come, *Snoo*!

Snee: It's past my bed time, too. *Snoo and Snee* whirl off stage, making a noise like a siren.

False Face: Now what is the matter with *Snoo* and *Snee*? Surely they're not afraid of me!

Tonight is Hallowe'en,
Ghosts and goblins are seen.
Witches stir their magic brew,
Children wear false faces, too.
This is the question I put to you.
Who-oo scared who?

Written by Catherine Corley Anderson
Pictures by Cal Burnett



PEN AND PENCIL PRESS

LIZZIE'S FRIEND

Tomorrow would be Hallowe'en. But Lizzie the witch did not have a jack o' lantern. She had a cat and a broom, but no jack o' lantern. So she asked her friend Owl to give her one, but he had none. Then she saw a field of pumpkins, and she asked the man who owned it for one, but he had promised the pumpkins to some friends of his. She kept on looking till she came upon a tiny little pumpkin who was already carved out in a horrible face. But he seemed too small to her.

All of a sudden a wolf jumped out. He was about to grab poor Lizzie in his sharp teeth when he saw the jack o' lantern. It scared him so much that he ran away.

Then Lizzie said to the jack o' lantern,

"You shall be mine, for you saved my life." So she took him home, and when she got there the other witches were waiting for her.

Lizzie jumped on her broom and said the magic words, "Igsy, pigsy, snigsy, tomando." Then she rose into the air, still holding the jack o' lantern. But she dropped it. She was afraid that it would squash into a million pieces!

But a boy dressed as a clown, and stuffed with pillows was sitting on the ground, and the jack o' lantern fell right into his lap. The witch swooped down and thanked the boy.

"Happy Hallowe'en," yelled Lizzie, and off she went with her dear jack o' lantern.

Ingrid Goff, age 9

GRANDPA

Grandpa did this in a single day
While his grandchildren were at play:
Fixed an old chair,
Gave the rugs some air;
Hoed the garden,
Bumped his wife and said, "Pardon."
Cut a rose,
Blew his nose,
Took a nap,
Made his grandchild clap;
Washed the car,
And ate a candy bar;
Had supper, and when all is said,
He went to bed.

Judith Kay Penner, age 8

SKIP ROPE

My skipping rope is very strong,
I have not had it very long.
I can skip fast, I can skip slow,
I wish that you could see me go.

Susan Johnson, age 6



Aunt Dorothy's Mailbox

Dear Nephews and Nieces,

We were mighty excited here at CHILD LIFE with the many, many lovely drawings which you sent in to our Pen and Pencil Press Drawing Contest. We are showing some of the winning pictures at the Boston Public Library. Many children will enjoy looking at them there. If you live near Boston you may have a chance to see them too. Some of the pictures will be printed on the Pen and Pencil Press page this year.

The long walk down to my mailbox through the chilly fall air is prettier than ever these days. Rags chases the red and yellow leaves as they race before the wind. What a joy to find my mailbox full of letters from you! Rags and I enjoy every single one. We wish you would send more snapshots of yourselves and your pets. We'd like to know what you look like. It's a special pleasure to find letters from readers in other lands. I'll share some of the interesting letters from foreign countries with all my nieces and nephews in December.

Now I must go back to the Halloween candy which I left cooking on the stove. "Trick or treat" time will be here soon and I have to be ready for my visitors.

My love to each and every one of you.

Aunt Dorothy



Elizabeth, Colorado

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

Why don't you have a page of riddles in CHILD LIFE? I like the missing people puzzles and to find the mistakes in the drawings. Joey Ha Ha is my favorite of all, and I like Picture Time very well.

My friend Kathy gave me a goldfish, so of course I named her Kathy.

Norma Anderson

Danielsville, Pennsylvania

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I like CHILD LIFE so very much. I also like Peter Pan stories and the guessing games and dot to dot pages. I have rheumatic fever.

I learned a poem in the December CHILD LIFE and said it aloud to my class in school. The teacher liked it very much.

Dale Werkheiser

1601 N. E. 18th Avenue
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

My dog's name is Smokie, and I also have a chicken and a bluebird. I went to the Lazy D Ranch this summer, and went horseback riding and climbed some mountains. Now my cousin is visiting us. He works for Life Magazine!

I like the crossword puzzles and the story about Nana and her seagull.

Diana Nelson

Bellingham, Washington

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am eight years old, and may soon be able to go to Birch Bay for a picnic.

I like the stories best of anything in CHILD LIFE. My favorite stories are those about Westley Riggs.

Janie Gaumer

1505 South 18th Street
Springfield, Illinois

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

My name is Jean and my twin sister's name is Jane. We are eight years old.

Right now Jean has the mumps and I have the measles. Do you suppose that next week I will have the mumps and she will have the measles? I certainly hope not.

We like CHILD LIFE very much, and we share it.

Jean Kornfeld

LETTERS FROM PARENTS

New Richland, Minnesota

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

It has been interesting to me to note that my two children are eager to have the stories in CHILD LIFE read to them several times, and that their enjoyment seems to grow with each repetition. I am also glad that the stories are short, so that they can be given a complete story at each bedtime story session.

Of course they spend many hours on the games and puzzles in each issue, so that the magazine's value extends throughout the month.

My thanks to all of you for making CHILD LIFE an ally in the home. Keep it up!

Mrs. Bernice Rauscher

St. Helena, Nebraska

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

How about some attention to television from CHILD LIFE?

Mrs. Norman D. Schmitt

Calamine, Wisconsin

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am wondering how other parents feel about the value of Picture Time. Is not the trend today towards giving children all their information in capsule form? It is easier to look at pictures, particularly when they are edited in such a manner that continuity of interest is provided, than to decipher a lot of written words. Is this really sugar coating knowledge to too great an extent? I would be grateful for other parent views.

Mrs. Katharyn Symonds

LET'S MAKE A HOBBY FILE



It's a happy hobby
to cut out and save pictures and
stories about any subject you're interested in
—stars, animals, ships, aircraft, flowers. You
can make an attractive file by decorating a
9½" x 11¾" open manila envelope with
CRAYOLA. Try a plaid design using 7 colors
against a black background. For other interesting
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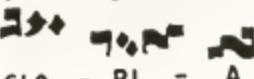
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YOU CAN MAKE MUSIC

BY ARTHUR WILLIAMS
HOW WE GOT OUR LINES AND SPACES

Long ago all music had to be learned by ear. A way to write music had not been found. It was hard to remember many different tunes.

Then signs called NEUMES (new-umz) were invented. Placed above the words, they gave some idea of the rise and fall of the melody by their placement high or low.



GLO - RI - A
But, unless you already knew the tune by ear, neumes were of little help.

When a RED line for the sound F was drawn across the page, writing of definite sounds be-

gan. A YELLOW line above the red line indicated the sound C.



GLO - RI - A

BLACK lines were gradually added until the grand staff of eleven lines was built, each line and space representing a certain sound. Draw a grand staff yourself.

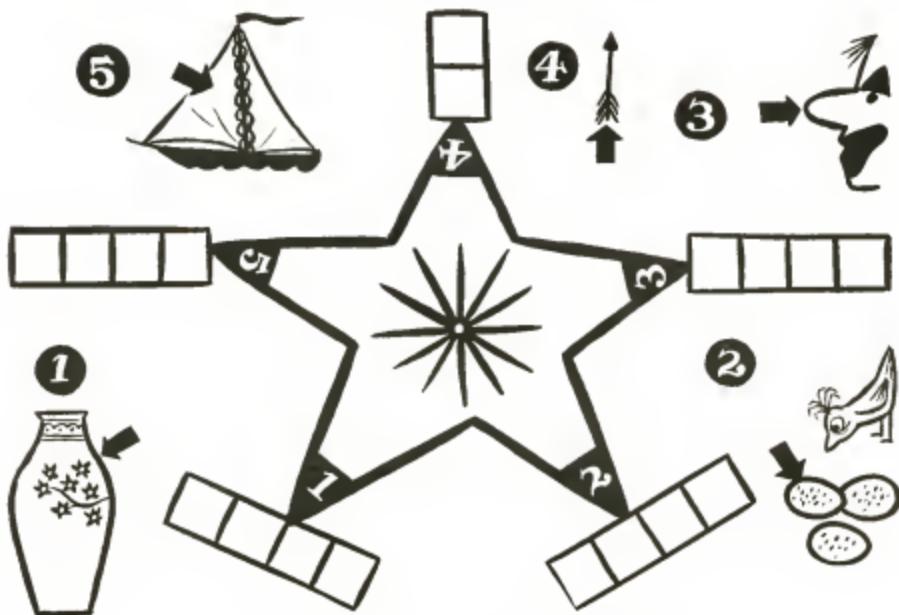


A NEW SERIES—PART TWO

Guessing Games

STAR GAZER

Fill in the puzzle squares, as numbered.
When finished, the top letter of each square
will spell the name of a planet.



VENUS.

Ans.: 1. vase, 2. eggs, 3. nose, 4. up, 5. sail.

THIS MONTH

O is for owl who hoots and cries,
C is for cat with big, round . . . —
T is for toad who likes to croak,
O is for opossum up in the . . . —
B is for bat, he's black as pitch,
E is for Edna, dressed like a . . . —
R is for run . . . and she did!

Ans.: eyes, oak, witch.
Ruth Libby

WHAT AM I?

My winter home is in a tree.
While frost and snow are deep.
I curl up in a hollow tree
And take a long, long sleep.
When autumn fruits and nuts are ripe
I have the best of fare,
Grow fat, to hibernate till spring.

Now guess. I am a
Ans.: bear.
Lillie M. Jordan

OCTOBER PUZZLE

ACROSS



1



5

DOWN



2

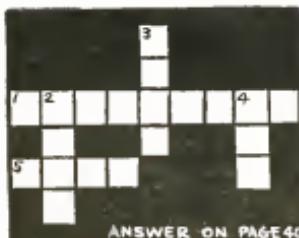


3



4

Agnes Choate Wouson



ANSWER ON PAGE 40

for COWBOYS Junior Grade!



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FOOD FUN

Stir Up a Halloween Stew

Why not do it in your own living room? Here are the invitations for your Halloween party. Make them out of black paper, then print the message in orange.

lamp behind it and the features will have a fiery glow! Turn out all other lights in the living room, so that it will be full of shadows. If the party is held in the after-



Decorate your living room with pumpkins, bats and black cats. Welcome your guests to the party with a witch's lantern in the window. A witch's lantern is a huge pumpkin face cut out of brown wrapping paper. Holes are made for the eyes, nose and mouth. Then orange paper is pasted behind each opening. Stick the big face to the inside of your window with cellophane tape, put a lighted

noon, the shades could be pulled down to make it more fun.

You can be old Haggle Weed, the witch, yourself! Greet your guests wearing a fearsome witch's costume. Then start off the party games with Witch's Stew. Try the Witch's Hats and Witch's Brew for refreshments. Even Haggle Weed will be a popular character if she invites her friends to such a party.



WITCH'S HATS



empty ice cream cones
sweet chocolate
chocolate ice cream

1. Melt the sweet chocolate in a double boiler.
2. Roll the cones in the chocolate to coat the outside. (They'll taste like cookies.)
3. On each guest's plate put a thin round slice of ice cream.
4. Turn the chocolate cone upside down in the center and you have a witch's hat that you can eat!

WITCH'S BREW



orangeade
one sliced
orange whole
cloves

1. Pour the chilled orangeade into a large bowl.
2. Make jack o' lantern faces on the orange slices with cloves, and let them float in the orangeade. Serve a glass of Brew to each guest.

Party Games

WITCH'S STEW GAME

In the center of the room put your witch's pot (a big kettle or box covered with black paper). Place it on a pile of kindling wood and some crumpled orange paper made to look like a flaming campfire. Lead each guest as he arrives to a place on the floor around the kettle. Give every person two or three "ingredients" to put in the stew. Use such things as a cake of soap, a clothes pin, an onion, an old glove. Think up as many different silly small objects as you can.

When all the guests are on hand you will stand near the kettle and say, "Now then, goblins, ghosts and everybody, we are going to make a lovely witch's stew and when we are all through, we'll have some to eat!" Point to each guest in turn and ask, "What have you to improve the stew?"

Each guest stands up and puts his "ingredients" in the pot telling what he has. Then all join in the magic chant, "Boil, burn and bubble." When the witch decides the stew is done she hands a long-handled spoon to each guest in turn. Your guests will have a real surprise as they dip out the stew, because you and your mother have hidden small Halloween trinkets wrapped in orange paper in the bottom of the pot. Give each person two dips in turn until every one gets a prize.

PUMPKIN HUNT

Here is another good Halloween game. Make tiny pumpkins from orange paper and hide them about the room. Give an apple to the one who finds the most. You can hide peanuts instead of paper pumpkins if you like.

Louise Price Bell



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Jingles

WISE OLD OWLS

Some people say that owls are wise
Because they have such big, bright eyes.
The reason they know as much as they do
Is because they're always asking "Who?"

Theresa E. Black

OUT OF SPACE

What fun to watch the stars at night
And count those in Big Dipper!
But if I tried to drink from it,
I'd need a giant sipper.

Frances L. Shinn

IT'S HALLOWEEN

The pumpkins shine
With candlelight;
See them glowing
Through the night.
It's Hallowe'en!

Hear the whirr,
The whiz, the zoom;
A witch is flying
On her broom.
It's Hallowe'en!

Boys and girls
Don't go to bed.
They wander round
The streets instead.
It's Hallowe'en!

Funny masks
The children wear;
They ring doorbells
Everywhere.
It's Hallowe'en!

Ilo Orleans

RULES FOR HALLOWEEN

You *must* wear a costume,
And have on a mask;
And don't answer questions,
Whatever they ask!

You're a ghost! You are nameless
In holiday dress;
Your name is a secret
Until they all guess!

Don't ever be frightened!
We're all out for fun,
So don't let them scare you
And don't ever run!

There's a witch! And a goblin!
A head on a post!
But don't let them scare you
For you are a ghost!

Nona Keen Duffy



HOW TO SPOIL

THE WITCHES BREW

PLAY
TIME



WON'T YOU PLEASE FIND, BEFORE THEY ARE CAUGHT,
THE CREATURES THE WITCHES WILL PUT IN THE POT?
WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND THEM, COLOR THEM BLUE,
THEN WITCHES CAN'T TOUCH THEM - THANKS TO YOU!

FIND: 2 LIZARDS, 2 SNAKES, 1 RABBIT, 1 MOLE, 1 SNAIL, 1 CRICKET,
1 BAT, 1 BEETLE, 1 MOUSE, 1 FROG.



A
N INVITATION CAME TO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD
FOR A HALLOWEEN PARTY
FOR YOU AND
ME AND PETER! I DRESSED LIKE AN OLE
WITCHIE AND TOOK MY MOTHER'S BROOM.



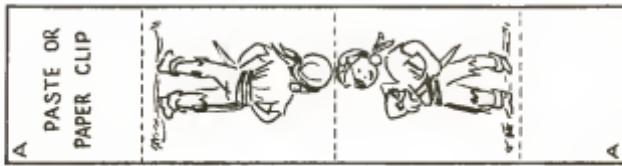
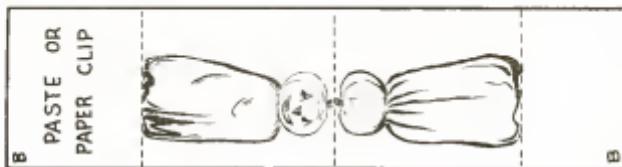
YOU PUT YOUR HEAD IN A PAPER
PUMPKIN YOU HAD LAST YEAR AND
WRAPPED YOURSELF IN A SHEET. PETER
DECIDED TO BE A PIRATE WITH HIS
WOODEN SWORD IN HIS BELT.



CUT US OUT AND START US TO THE
PARTY IN THE GAME ON PAGES
30 AND 31. FIRST ONE TO THE
PARTY WINS!



PASTE ON PENNY
FLIP COIN AND MOVE



BOB

THE 
CHAPTER ONE

BETTY

" SAID  D OF PLAYING  AND INDIANS.  MAY K A  ET  2 GO 2

THE  . WE'LL CALL HER THE  .  T  A SUPER

NATION.  WILL WE  D  SIDES  AND A

 ?  ,  YGEN, OF COURSE. WE'LL HAVE

2 USE RADR.  BORO  S  , AND SOME YR

FROM THE  . AN    

2. "  RE  2 4 GET NE THING, LIKE

O  IAL BADGES AND A SPACE  "  HAVENT GOT  IN
MY  . LETS HURRY  AND GET XTED. (2  CONTINUED)

HALLOWEEN



PARTY





RAINY DAY FUN

HALLOWEEN PUPPETS

To Use In Play On Page 16



TO MAKE HEADS

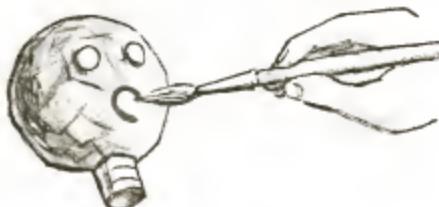
1. Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup detergent in a small bowl with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.



2. Roll a piece of cardboard to fit your first finger. Fasten with cellophane tape. Wad up wet napkins to form a head around cardboard neck. Add napkins until head is about the size of an orange. Dip fingers in mix and smooth over head as you add napkins.



3. Add wads of wet napkin to form cheeks, chin, nose and ears. Smooth over with mix and small bits of napkin. Add thumbtacks for eyes. Let dry 24 hours, then paint brows and mouth to make the two puppets, Snoo and Snee.



4. Model Horny's head as shown. Use large shiny buttons for eyes. Let dry 24 hours. Paint black and brown feathers.



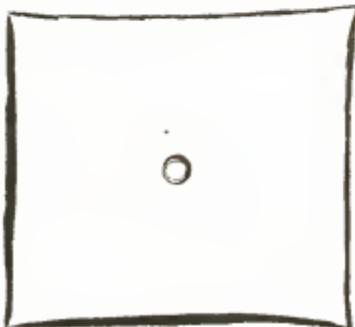
TO MAKE HANDS

Model hands for Snoo and Snee over cardboard rings to fit thumb and middle finger. Let dry.

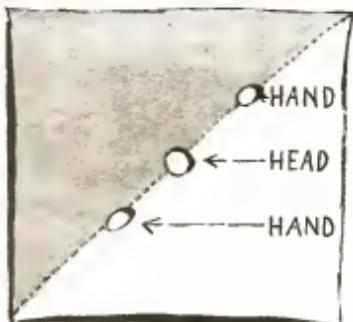


You may omit hands and just move fingers inside the costume.

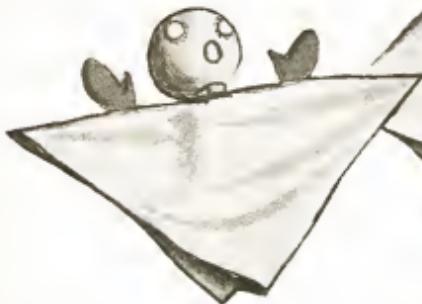
TO MAKE COSTUMES



1. Cut three squares of white cloth the same size as a napkin. Cut a hole in the center of each.



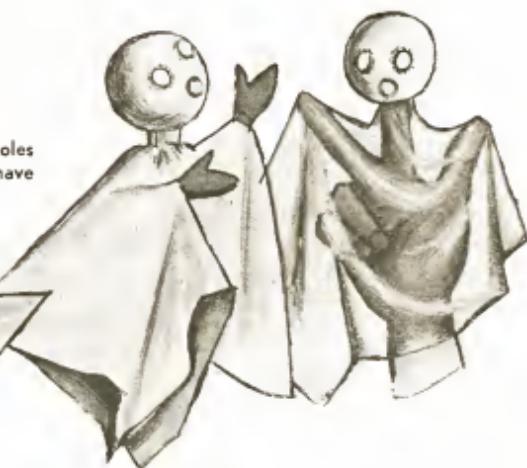
2. Fold as shown on dotted line. Make holes for hands if you wish. (Horny does not have hands.)



3. Insert puppet head in center hole and fasten on the inside of cloth with cellophane tape. Place hands in position and fasten. Paint Horny's costume with black and brown to resemble feathers.



4. Finished puppets
should
look
like
this!



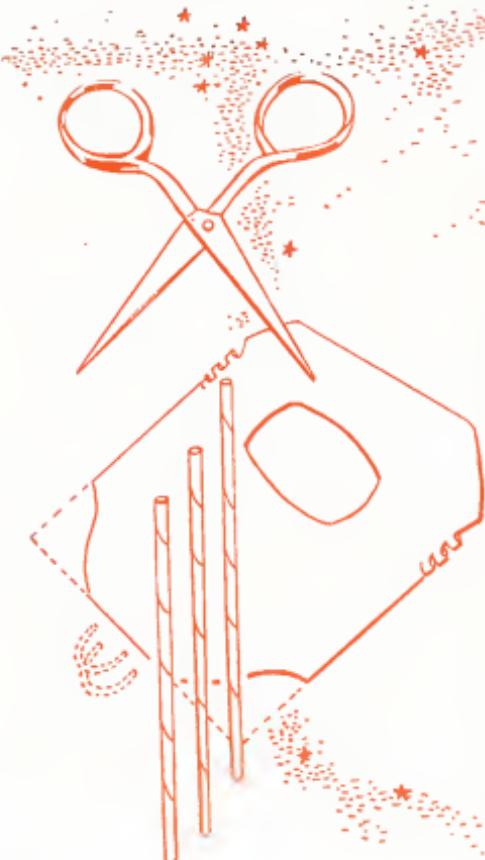
C. C. Anderson

SPACE HELMET

A Halloween Costume Idea

Materials you will need:

- a big paper shopping bag
- soda straws
- bottle caps
- a paper plate
- cellophane
- tinfoil
- bright paints
- cellophane tape
- brass paper fasteners (brads)



Cut the corners and handles from the shopping bag. Then cut a window in one side of the bag as shown in the picture. With cellophane tape fasten three soda straws to each side of your space helmet for space radio antennae. You can cover the window in the bag with cellophane taped to the inside of the bag. Paint a space design on the helmet with bright paints.

Next cover the paper picnic plate with tinfoil. Make a dial for your space radio and tape it to the center of the plate. The picture shows you where to attach tuning buttons for your radio. Use bottle caps with the cork outside. You can attach the buttons by punching a hole in the top of the bottle cap, then pushing brass paper fasteners through the cap and the paper plate. Tape your space radio to the front of the helmet. Brass brads make good decorations for the helmet too.



A STRANGE CREATURE HAS
BEEN FOLLOWING THESE TWO
SPACE BOYS. HELP THEM FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS. FOLLOW THE DOTS
FROM 1 TO 122 WITH YOUR PENCIL
TO TRACK DOWN THIS MONSTER.

PICTURE
TIME

WHO?

TURN THIS
PAGE
UPSIDE DOWN
FOR THE
ANSWER



Donald M. Fellows

What was your guess? Did you think it was a chipmunk? You could not easily pose a bird like this for his portrait. So the photographer used the stuffed owl shown at left. If you look in his eyes (they are glass), you can see the reflection of the man who took his picture.

This large picture shows a great horned owl. He is a huge bird, the largest of the owl family. In his home in the forest he hunts at night for animals.





Puttcamp

Chaz Builds a Rocket Ship

ONE DAY, while Mother and Chaz were shopping downtown, Chaz spied a rocket ship for boys and girls to ride.

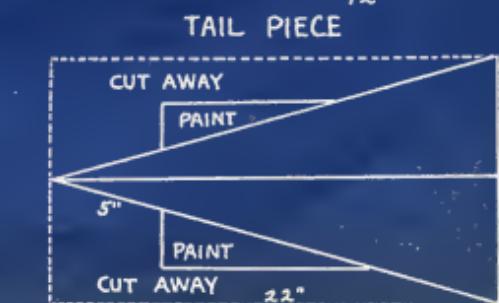
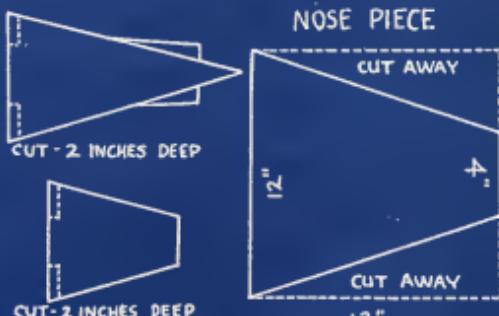
"Want to go for a spin in space?" Mother asked.

"Yes," said Chaz. Mother put in a dime and . . . OFF HE WENT!

On the way home, Chaz said, "I would like to have a space ship of my very own."

So they got together the things they would need. First they found a fiber keg which seemed just right for a space ship. Extra cardboard, thumbtacks, paint and cellophane tape would come in handy too. Then they picked out the tools: scissors, pencil, ruler, hammer, screw driver and paint brush.

Here are some drawings which show you how to make your own rocket ship like Chaz's. Chaz says that you can use a cardboard box as well as a keg. You can either ride on your space ship or wear it strapped to your shoulders with a tape harness.



CHAZ MAKES HIS SHIP



Together Chaz and Mother sat down to plan the rocket ship. Chaz said, "The space ship ought to have a nose." Mother measured and drew lines for Chaz to cut.



"Now, a tail," said Chaz. Mother measured the narrow side against the top of the keg. When Chaz had finished cutting, Mother said, "Do you want to paint the tail?"



After Chaz had painted the nose and tail, he let the paint dry. Now Mother asked Chaz, "How about putting the nose in this slot?" So Chaz put it in the slit they had made.



"Now, do you want to paint your rocket ship?" Mother asked.

"Sure," said Chaz for he loved to paint. "Let's add some thumbtacks for decoration."

CHAZ MAKES HIS HELMET



"Let me get on the rocket ship now," begged Chaz, after they had finished it.

"One thing is missing," said Mother. "You'll want a space helmet. Here's a pattern for one on page 34 of the October CHILD LIFE.

"Oh, good," said Chaz. So together they made Chaz's space helmet.



CHAZ READY TO TAKE OFF

"Well," said Mother, after they had adjusted the radio antennae, "it's finished."

"Now can I try it on?" Chaz asked eagerly.

Mother pulled the space helmet over his head.

Chaz climbed aboard his space ship. He smiled at Mother, adjusted one of the magic dials . . . and AWAY HE WENT!

Wouldn't you like to make a space ship, too? Perhaps you have a better idea for a rocket ship.



CHILD LIFE will award a prize for the best space ship design. Send a snapshot of yourself and your rocket ship with name, age, and address to Space Ship Contest, CHILD LIFE, 136 Federal Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts by October 31. Perhaps your rocket ship will win an exciting prize!

Books & Records

BOOK REVIEWS

Better Homes and Gardens Story Book (*Selected by Betty O'Connor, published by Meredith. All ages. \$2.95.*)

Here is a beautiful one-volume compilation of fifty masterpieces of prose and poetry for children of all ages. The time-proven nonsense of Edward Lear, the wisdom of Br'er Rabbit, the magic of A. A. Milne . . . it is all here, along with the best of Mother Goose, of Aesop's Fables, and of many more modern authors.

The well-bound book is enhanced by 600 illustrations from famous editions, many in color.

Adelaide Field

The Wonderful Fashion Doll (*Written and illustrated by Laura Bannon and published by Houghton Mifflin. Ages 7-12. \$2.25.*)

In this delightful story, a modern Deborah Moore follows the trail left by her great-grandmother of the same name. She is searching for a fashion doll known to have been hidden in the old Moore homestead in New Hampshire, where she has gone to live.

In the course of her search Debby learns lots about how her settler ancestors lived, and through her we meet some very genuine and memorable persons.

A deft plot has been handled with a warm, sure touch.

Adelaide Field

CORRECTION

Winston Adventure Books (*Edited by Cecile H. Matschat and Carl Carmer, published by Winston. Ages 9-14. \$1.50 each.*)

In our June issue we listed this series for 12 to 16 year olds. This set of books was designed for 9 to 14 year olds, but may be enjoyed by older boys and girls.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

The Secret of Singing Tower (*by Harriet Evans, Bobbs-Merrill. Ages 8-12. \$2.50.*)

Fripsey Summer (*by Madye Lee Chastain, Harcourt, Brace. Ages 9-12. \$2.50.*)

The Too Long Tail (*by T. V. W. Carpenter, Houghton Mifflin. Ages 4-8. \$1.75.*)

Games for Children (*by Marguerite Kahl and Frederica Young, A. A. Wyn. All ages. \$2.50.*)

The Book of Games for Boys and Girls (*by Evelyn Barst, A. S. Barnes. All ages. \$3.50.*)

Lucky Blocky (*by Eunice Lockey, Franklin Watts. Ages 6-10. \$2.50.*)

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Funny Fellow; Little Jumping Jock, *Columbia MJY-159. 45 and 78 rpm. All ages.*

Three Little Fishes; The Little Red Fox, *Decca K-88. 45 and 78 rpm. All ages.*

Tom and Jerry and Terry the Tug Boat, *MGM Records 528. 45 and 78 rpm. Ages 3-10.*

All Aboard A Covered Wagon, *Columbia MJY-163. 45 and 78 rpm. Ages 5-10.*

Tom and Jerry and the Texas Rangers, *MGM Records 527. 45 and 78 rpm. Ages 3-10.*

RECORD REVIEWS

Mother Goose Medley; *Peter Cottontail* (*RCA Victor WY-465. 45 and 78 rpm. All ages.*)

The "Mother Goose Medley" is another very good record by RCA Victor and Spike Jones. The music and sound effects, the way in which the whole record is presented will stimulate the sense of humor in all children. Those who are familiar with Spike Jones' work might guess that it would be raucous and noisy. It is, instead, a very tasteful arrangement.

On the reverse side is a novel arrangement of "Peter Cottontail," which is one of the most popular children's songs ever written. Here it is sung very well, but there are certain discords which are not in keeping with the tenor of the tune.

How Much Is That Doggie In The Window, Little Yip Yip; Three Little Puppies, The Poky Little Puppy (*Big Golden Records BR-8. 78 rpm. All ages.*)

This record is highly recommended. It is one of the finest records to come out in a long while. These tunes have excellent music, good sound effects and words that are interesting to children. Everybody knows the tune "Doggie in the Window," but the three other songs on this record, especially "Little Yip Yip" and "The Three Little Puppies," far outshine it as far as juvenile appeal is concerned.

Little Red Monkey; Little Joe Worm (*Columbia MJY-164. 45 and 78 rpm. All ages.*)

Rosemary Clooney does an excellent job. The music of "Little Red Monkey" is in a minor key and not really harmonious for children, although the tempo is good.

Paul Martin

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 23



Song for Outer Space

WORDS
AND MUSIC
BY ANITA HOVEY

JUST SUP-POSE SOME- DAY WE'LL FLY IN A SPACE SHIP
 JUST SUP-POSE THAT SOME DAY SOON WE WILL ROCK-ET

THROUGH THE SKY. WE CAN CHOOSE OUR FAV' RITE STARS.
 TO THE MOON. ALL A-ROUND ARE LIGHTS SO GAY.

YOU TAKE VEN-US I'LL TAKE MARS. JUST I-MAG-INE
 THIS MUST BE THE MILK-Y WAY. JUST I-MAG-INE

YOU AND ME PLAY-ING GAMES ON MER-CUR-Y.
 THAT WE ARE PLAY-ING HOP-SCOTCH ON A STAR.

WE WILL FIND THAT OUT-ER SPACE IS A FAS-CIN-
 DON'T YOU THINK THAT OUT-ER SPACE IS A FAS-CIN-

A-TING PLACE!
 A-TING PLACE!



"They're even older than you, Dad!"



"LOOK! Here's a Model T and a Stanley Steamer!" shouted Bill. "Gosh, those jalopies are ever older than you, Dad!" "Don't flatter me, Bill," I said, "that Stanley Steamer's just like the one my father drove when I was your age!"

"Bill and I were having a whale of a time looking at World Book's color panorama of cars from the horseless carriage days right down to now. Fact is, I've had

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